



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I.

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Poetry for the Hour.

"MY MARYLAND."—Most of our readers have heard of this famous rebel song, but few of them perhaps have read it. Here it is, slightly altered to suit "the situation."

MY MARYLAND.

The rebel feet are on our shore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I smell 'em half a mile and more,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Their shoesless hordes are at my door,
Their drunken generals on my floor,
What now can we do to drive them?
Maryland! My Maryland!
Mark to our noblest dire appeal,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Oh, unwashed rebels, to you we kneel,
Maryland! My Maryland!
If you can't purchase soap, oh steal
That precious article—I feel
Like scratching from the head to heel,
Maryland! My Maryland!
You're covered thick with mud and dust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
As though you'd been upon a bust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Remember it is scarcely just,
To have a filthy fellow thrust
Before us, till he be as scrub'd as dust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I see to blush upon my cheek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I've not been washed for many a week,
Maryland! My Maryland!
To get thee clean—'tis truth I speak—
Would dirty every stream and creek
From Potomac to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Then will not yield the Tankers toll,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Nor stoop to honor's stern control,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Better to murder, rob and roll,
In gutters, vanquished by the bowl,
Than elevate the southern soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come, 'tis the ruddy dawn of day,
Maryland! My Maryland!
So scratch yourselves and haste away,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I cannot ask ye, rebels, to stay,
For Burnside's coming up this way,
And there would be the devil to pay,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Go—you have stolen shoes quite strong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Stealing, my rebels, is very wrong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But you were such a ragged throng,
Hides and breeches—go along,
And let me sing in peace my song,
Maryland! My Maryland!
I hear brave Burnside's life and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Newbern and Roanoke prove him some,
Maryland! My Maryland!
He'll give you this, you rascals soon,
He'll send you to the world to roam,
Send you to—your native—'hum,
Not Maryland! Not Maryland!
—Louisville Journal.

Our Story-Teller.

THE JERSEY LAWYER'S FIRST CASE IN MINNESOTA.

MR. DEAN FARRIS:—Did I ever tell you about the Jersey Lawyer's First Case in Minnesota? No! Well, then, here goes—for its worth calculating.

You are no doubt well aware that many sprigs of aristocracy, in eastern cities labor under the impression that in order to extinguish all other lights, they have only to emigrate to some western town and dazzle the natives. Many a man has started out in search of wool and has himself been badly shorn. And in no town in the world does this class stand a poorer chance than in St. Paul, Minnesota. The majority of its hardy, healthy, and active inhabitants first went to that place for health, to recruit those energies which had become exhausted in active manual labor in the east. The place commenced, in fact, as a sort of Nature's Hospital. No one thought of locating there, because it was too far out of the world. But invalids flocked in, convalescents were back for their families and friends; the verdict of thousands who have been enticed, as it were, from their graves, was published far and wide that pure dry air was better than drugs; and it was soon discovered by artists, speculators and capitalists, that for beauty of location and artistic building spots, the place had no rival on the face of the globe. The result is, St. Paul today has a population of about fifteen thousand of as active, go-ahead, sharp, jokers, financiers, and old travelers, as can be found in any city in the Union; and is doing a healthier business, and is erecting more buildings, and better ones, than any other three cities of its size anywhere.

So much for introduction, and a key to the

fact why the masses are made up of the ablest lawyers, judges, clergy, merchants, capitalists, and speculators, who have ever mixed their mental energies in eastern cities. And now to the history. But mind you, the names given are all fictitious. I only propose to tell a story—not to advertise names.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of August—no matter what year—while the large and splendid Key City, Captain Jones Warden; Clerk, Mr. L. W. Eldred, was proudly ploughing her way up the Mississippi from La Crosse, that a brilliantly dressed gentleman of about twenty-five years of age, was to be seen leisurely reclining on a railing in front of the office, puffing a ten cent regalia, just taken from his pocket and wondering if the half civilized people of St. Paul ever smoked anything more expensive than a pipe.

Turning to a plainly dressed gentleman at his side, he exclaimed:

"Are you—ah—acquainted in St. Paul?"

"O, yes; I know most all of the citizens," was the reply.

"Do you, indeed?" exclaimed the flashy gentleman. "Well, then, I am in luck. Pretty lively place?"

"Quite so, sir! Every man has something to do, and all are making a good living."

"Do you live—ah—in St. Paul?"

"I do."

"Have you any lawyers there?"

"Quite too many, sir. That is my profession."

The dandy looked at the man first with credulity, and then with a patronizing air said:

"I have reference, my good fellow, to first-class attorneys—men of education, who are graduates of colleges!"

"It might seem to break in upon the man's mind as he replied:

"Ah! I see what you mean! No, have no lawyers of education. Are you a lawyer, sir?"

"Inflicting himself with importance and great condescension, the young top replied to him:

"A graduate, sir, of the best college in New Jersey. And if sufficient encouragement is held out by the members of the bar in St. Paul, I will stop among them and give them the benefit of my knowledge."

The man seemed delighted. He at once claimed the privilege of extending to the stranger the hospitalities of St. Paul, and declared that within two hours after the arrival of the boat a public reception should be given him.

As the sun was sinking in the West, the Key City touched the levee at St. Paul, and the distinguished stranger was at once conducted to a leading hotel, to await the arrival of the city bar in a body.

In about two hours they arrived, and were presented in due form by the man who came upon the boat with the brilliant scholar, and who introduced himself as Mr. Spottless. Then came Judge Kerby, Judge Allish, Advocate Bloedey, lawyer Keen, Knifepoint, Badax, Hearty, and some dozen others—all anxious to show their respects to the lawyer who had been "educated" and was a "genuine to know 'em how they dew things down in New Jersey."

During the excitement from sinking hands and taking drinks for the twentieth time from the row of bottles placed upon the table, a long, gaunt, six and a half footer came in with both his boots off, and without hat, coat or vest, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"Evenin' court is now open, and I'll shoot every man who don't attend in three minutes."

There was a scattering from the room. Some escaped by one door and some by another; but Judge Kerby grasped the lawyer by the large hand and whispered:

"Follow me and you will be safe."

Escaping by the back door and threading impenetrable dark lanes and cowyards, the Judge and his young friend at length reached the extensive lively stable at Allibones—the maddest wag in the State.

Here they found a row of twelve barrels for the jury to sit upon, inverted water pails for lawyers, and a bundle of hay for the judge. The prisoner at the bar—who was being tried for the murder of his mother with a butcher-knife—was seated on a wheel-barrow, smoking an Indian pipe, and swearing that he could whip any three men on the jury.

"Good God! gentlemen!" gasped the educated man, "can it be possible that this man can conduct himself in court in this manner?"

"It's only lately that we have had so nice a room as this," said a half dozen of the lawyers. "We used to meet in Bloedey's woodshed—but this is extra."

The presiding judge now called the court to order and asked the prisoner if he had any counsel.

"Not a one!" was the loud reply; "but if that ere chap with nice clothes on will take hold of the job, I'll give him two cows and a hundred acres of prairie."

Young Jersey was undecided and wavering, but at length steeled out that he wished to be executed; whereupon the prisoner sprang the length of his chain, upset the wheelbarrow, and swore if the man didn't take hold of the case and clear him, that he would follow him from the house and drink the last drop of his heart's blood. This decided the matter at once, and the proud sprig of aristocracy felt that his own life as well as that of his client depended upon the amount and quality of forensic ability that he could bring to bear upon the jury. On his rising to address the court, the presiding judge indignantly informed him that no college boy with a coat on would be permitted to speak in that Temple.

The Jerseyman took off his fine broadcloth

overcoat, and was then peremptorily ordered to remove his vest, necktie, suspenders, boots and stockings. The orders were all obeyed at the pistol's muzzle, held by the crier of the court—a convalescent invalid, six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighed about two hundred and sixty pounds.

At this stage of proceedings, two of the jury—who had been playing cards for a gallon of whisky—got into a quarrel, and one drove his bowie knife, apparently up to the hilt in the other's body. The corpse was conveyed from the room as unconcernedly as if it had been the body of a defunct dog, and crier screamed at the top of his voice, "Go on with the Court!"

Our college bred lawyer now became so sickened, disgusted and frightened, that he made up his mind to break for the door, and save his own life by flight. With a bound that would have done credit to the Ravens in their palmist days, he leaped over a fanning-mill, eluded the grasp of his client, who had now broken from the wheelbarrow, and by the aid of the almost impenetrable darkness succeeded in hiding himself in a lumberyard till morning, when, stealing down to the levee in his almost nude state, he ran on board of a small steamer and begged the clerk in the name of pity, God and humanity, to give him a passage down the river to some town five hundred miles from St. Paul. He would give no explanation of his half dressed condition, but only begged to be secreted until the boat was at least a hundred miles down the river. On coming out of the state room the next morning—when the boat was near La Crosse—he was informed by the smiling clerk that there was a bundle of clothing and a trunk in the office for him, placed on the boat at St. Paul, with his address, by lawyer Spottless, a man of fine character, but no education.

"I thank him for my baggage," gasped the student, turning pale at the recollection of the midnight scene in the barn, but the Minnesota lawyers were worse than savages. They gambled, smoked, drank rum, and murder, in the court room, and cut the throat of an educated man with a little compunction of conscience as they stabbed a load. I've heard it said that St. Paul was a beautiful place! It may be in the day-time, but it is a fearful place in the night. And if it is a healthy place for invalids, it is an unhealthy place for lawyers. I'm an educated lawyer myself! I've had my first case in Minnesota, and thank God it's my last!"

On arriving at La Crosse, he went to 'Brick Pomeroy' of the Democrat, and tried to get him to publish the story of his St. Paul experience, but 'Brick' indignantly replied:

"Can't do it, my boy! I'd 'fraid 'taint true! It's too funny for reality, and the Democrat never deals in fiction!"

Being determined to relate his experience, however, he then hired a hall, and advertised a Lecture on Emigration, and after he had received at the door enough to cover expenses, the deputy Mayor stepped up and exclaimed:

"Have you got a license, for this 'ere show?"

"This is not a show, and I have no license."

"Well, I want ten dollars, and I don't care a red whether you call it a show or an exhibition."

"But, my dear friend—"

"Don't but me, sir! I know what law is! I hold office! and you must pay or mizzle!"

So he mizzled, and the last seen of the Jersey Lawyer, he was trying to get a situation as a clerk in a millinery store in Chicago.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

Hint to General Halleck.

We deem ourselves to be only discharging a patriotic duty when we call the attention of the General-in-Chief to the subjoined inquiry by the correspondent of a New York weekly journal. Like "Bartimeus," we have often wondered why the Government should deny itself the employment of the highest military talent at its command. This inquiry is specially appropriate to the present time, when the "new war policy" seems to call for Generals who undoubtedly have their hearts in it, or who at least will have their hearts in it after 1st of January next.

"There is one thing, Mr. Editor, in the management of this war, which is so out of the reach of my comprehension, that I must ask somebody to explain it to me. Conquering Generals are needed—Generals who will never miss of being in the right place at the right time, and that 'to bag, the biggest of the rebel armies. The inexplicable thing with me is that the Government has not, long before this time, called General Godwin, of the Evening Post. General Greeley, of the Tribune, General Raymond, of the Times and General Beecher, of the Independent, into the field. The military knowledge of these men, judging from their journals, must be stupendous. Every one of them, I think, demonstrated many days ago, that the army of Lee and Jackson could be 'bagged' in Maryland as easy as any farmer would bag a few bushels of oats. And now that it hasn't been done, there is hardly one of them that can speak respectfully of what has been achieved, notwithstanding McClellan and his heroic army have done the magnificent job of arresting and driving the hosts of impudent invaders. Why don't the Government turn to some practical account the skill and prowess of the fine Generals whose names I have given to you? Will some wise one help me to see, the reason why?"

Among the foregoing Generals we give our preference to General Greeley, of the

New York Tribune, who, in his paper of Monday last, has an inspiring Tyrtlean article under the head of "Support arms and advance." This idea of "advancing" upon an enemy with arms in "support" is entirely new in military tactics, and is, we doubt not, an inspiration of genius far beyond the reach of men who know nothing except what they have learned out of Gen. Casey's Manual.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

A Patriotic Mother.

We have received the following communication from a gentleman in the recruiting service of this State; "so far as heard from," it is ahead of anything yet published. We give the letter and incident as related entire:

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Aug. 20, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Your notice, in this morning's issue, of the very commendable spirit manifested by "Patriotic Fathers," in furnishing men for the army, and among those named, a gentleman from Bradford county, has reminded me of a Patriotic Mother, residing in same county, equally entitled to notice in your columns, and no less patriotic than those mentioned.

At the conclusion of a spirited war meeting held in one of the districts of said county, not far from the thriving village of Alba, called for the purpose of raising volunteers, a few evenings since, a lady arose in the audience and asked permission to make a few remarks. This being a land of free speech, of course permission was readily granted, and the lady proceeded:

"I now have six sons in the army of the Potomac, and I only wish I had known this twenty years ago, I would have had six more there now."

It is useless to describe the applause that immediately ensued; suffice it to say, we had no difficulty in raising the number of recruits expected, that evening, with all thanks to the noble spirit of that noble-hearted mother.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.*

Mormonism and Double Love.

LAST week a company of Mormon emigrants arrived at Boston, on their way to Utah. Among them was noticed a young man, more distinguished in his appearance than the remainder of the company, and near him two young females, deeply veiled, whose delicate grace and reserve indicated them as belonging to a superior social position. Their history merits relation. Ludwig Fero was the son of a rich land-owner in Sweden, and the two young ladies were two orphans who were brought up with him in his family's family, until he left for college at Donheim, where he remained several years, and afterwards traveling over the greater part of Europe, his former playmates were forgotten. Returning at last to his home, he was astonished to find two beautiful women, dazzling as the Undine of the poet. He was struck to the heart as with an arrow. Love conquered him at first sight. He was in love, but with what? Both were splendidly beautiful. He was enamored of both. He was in a whirlpool of doubt, indecision, and perplexity. It was necessary to come to some decision, and he naturally came to the most droll one. In an excess of desperate frankness he related to the two young girls the state of his feelings. They laughed at him at first; then, they reflected, and the result of their reflections was that they both loved Ludwig, and were as embarrassed as he. About this time one of the Mormon apostles passing through the place sought to make proselytes to the doctrine of the Saints, and converted the young man and the two girls. Thus Ludwig Fero, and his companions Mina and Evele, from a part of the Mormon emigrants on their way to Salt Lake, where their romance of love and duplications of wives will be speedily divested all claim by the low associations around them.—*Detroit Ad.*

Figures on Dress Parade.

SILAS H. GARD in a note dated Tremont, Clarke county, O., July 7th, says:

I see a quotation in your paper from the Scientific American, on the figures on dress parade, which is widely at fault.

Assuming an army of 600,000 men formed into line single rank, they would show a front of 227 3/4 miles, instead of 23 miles, allowing two feet to the man. Throw them in double rank, we have a line 113 3/4 miles without counting fractions—instead of 11 1/2. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection by railroad, it would take him about two hours at the rate of about a mile per minute, instead of a quarter of an hour; if mounted on his charger at a smart trot it would require 5 1/2 hours at the rate of three minutes per mile, instead of over a half hour. If formed in hollow square, in double rank, would be over 28 miles from side to side, instead of nearly 3 miles, showing on each front over 28 miles, instead of a fraction under three miles. The inclosure would contain about 501,760 acres, instead of about 5,760 acres—an area equal to some of the largest counties in Illinois, instead of equal to some of the immense Indian corn-fields in Illinois. If this immense army were formed in a solid square, allowing about four square feet for a man, they would cover about 9,300 acres, instead of about 150 acres, and from a block of bayonets a fraction under four miles square, instead of a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. The estimated weight and rations, per day, is the only thing the Scientific American is correct in.

GEN. BULL telegraphed to Surgeon General HAMMOND that the whole number of wounded in the late battle at Perryville was about 2,000.

The Men who Continue to Vote for General Jackson.

A war correspondent at Harper's Ferry tells the following:

"A. D. R." has told you of the reconnaissance yesterday, and what was done to-day.

It occurred—what I am about to relate—a week ago. It was not an "item of news."

It was a joke, a funny incident of war, a story of a man who continues to vote for the late lamented Gen. Andrew Jackson. It was in this office: Mr. Richardson and myself were in the office of Capt. Pell, Provost Marshal of Harper's Ferry. The train from Baltimore and Washington was just in; a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance entered the office. His grayish beard was neatly trimmed; he wore the black satin vest of rotund respectability, the gold-rimmed spectacles of the "heavy father." Calm benignity beamed from his whole person. He resembled one's idea of a "retired" Pennsylvanian.

Placing his carpet sack carefully upon the floor in a corner, removing and readjusting his spectacles, he inquired with mild intonation of Capt. Pell where he could find Col. Miles?

"I am sure, Sir, I can't tell you!" said Capt. Pell. He was almost agitated at the question.

"I have some business with the Colonel," quoth the stranger. "I believe he is in command here, is he not? Where are his headquarters?"

"Didn't you know, Sir?" said Capt. Pell, "that Col. Miles was dead?"

"Dead! Bless my soul, no!" cried the stranger. "Why, what did he die of?"

"He was killed when this place was taken," said Capt. Pell.

"Well! well! I declare! Was he? There! there! there! Well, that is singular, now, isn't it?"

We thought it well.

A Part "Poney."

"W. D. B." of the Commercial, tells the following of a 27th Ohio boy:

"Poney" Grove, of the 27th, nicknamed "Poney" because he is the biggest man in the regiment, fought with laughable gravity—

When the enemy were flying from the murderous face of Battery Robinson, one of the rebels, endeavoring to escape, but much impeded by the entanglement, threw out a white handkerchief and flung it above his head; he continued to skeddaddle.

"Poney," who is a good shot, had him covered. Major Spalding sang out, "Why, 'Poney,' you ain't going to shoot that fellow, are you? He's showing a white flag."

"Poney," without appearing to pay any attention, drew a fine bead and clipped the fellow beautifully. Without moving his piece at all, but keeping it at "airs," he turned his head slowly toward the rebel, and replied, "Major, you don't know them fellows as well as I do. Them white flags is deceitful. If that fellow wanted his white flag to do him any good, why didn't he come this way—no run off? I don't like them white flags, no how!" and with that expression of sentiment "Poney" walked to his position and found him badly wounded. "Wall," said "Poney," "jimmie the butt of his piece on the ground and leaning forward up on it, 'you was a pretty d—n fool for runnin' wain't you? What was you doin' with that white rag skeddaddlin' that way? You might o' known I'd dropped you. Why didn't you come in, then you'd a been safe. The poor fellow confessed that 'perhaps he was wrong; he was sorry he didn't come in.'"

"Poney" was very kind to him, but 'twas no use. He died.

AN EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.—A foreign journal, in an article against the punishment of death, publishes the following curious details: "When at the end of the last century the terrible machine of Dr. Guillotin made its appearance, it gave rise to great controversy among the faculty throughout Europe. The inventor pretended and believed that death by his instrument was easier than by any other means, and that the rupture of the vertebra, the nerves, and all the organs of the head killed the whole body at once and instantaneously. Several experiments were made at Vienna. Some poisoners were to be executed, and several medical men, who had already disputed the correctness of the statement of Dr. Guillotin, obtained permission to remain on the scaffold during the execution, and when a head was cut off it was delivered to them. The first was that of a young man. The eyes were closed and the tongue protruded. Eight minutes were allowed to expire, when the tongue was pricked with a pin, when it was drawn in, and the face made a grimace, indicative of pain. The second was that of a woman. The eyes were open, and their supplicating looks were accompanied by many tears. Fourteen minutes after the execution the eyes turned towards the side from whence the woman's name was called. A third head was that of the most guilty of the criminals. A clap was given to the face, when the eyes opened, the face flushed with an indescribable expression of anger and ferocity, and a shudder of anguish was visible on the neck being touched."

GENERAL McCLELLAN.—General McClellan has one virtue, if no more. He doesn't talk. He leaves that to others. It is a good sign. And yet his silence is found fault with. The Tribune, for instance, insists that he shall make a speech to every regiment, and fulminate proclamations daily! We hope he may do nothing of the kind. His only proclamations should come from the cannon's mouth. They will be respected. No others will.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Reception of Gen. Horatio Seymour.

The New York Times' report says of Mr. Seymour's reception at the great Tammany Hall meeting:

"At the moment of the adoption of the resolutions, a tremendous commotion in the rear of the platform announced some event of engrossing interest. Another instant, and the vast Hall was a scene of unparalleled and picturesque excitement. Every man of the thousands present sprang to his feet, and waving his hat and cheering with his utmost force, hailed the

"ARRIVAL OF MR. SEYMOUR."

"Who approached the foreground of the stage with great difficulty through the thronging concourse of his adherents, who in their enthusiasm, almost bore him from his feet. Outside of the building, the heavy booming of cannon mingled with the frantic hurrahs of the crowd within. It is but justice to say, that seldom has a more striking, vivid and unmitigated reception been accorded in public to any political favorite. Mr. Seymour himself seemed overpowered by the relemence of the 'great unfettered.' It was many minutes of the wildest tumult even the Chairman could obtain a hearing, to introduce the distinguished guest to his eager partisans."

"Mr. Clark in introducing Mr. Seymour, said: 'If the spirit of civil liberty still exists in the State of New York, he will be the next Governor!'" [Applause.]

A MISNOMER ADVENTURE.—In connection with the garden robberies that have been late in the neighborhood of Newcastle of late, a droll circumstance occurred the other night. An elderly gentleman, the proprietor of a garden, having long observed with feelings of indignation and dismay that his fruit became nightly smaller by degrees and unbecomingly less, had come to the conclusion that, unless steps were at once taken to secure the depredators, ultimate measures would be fruitless. He resolved, therefore, to watch his garden himself, and one night (having fortified the inner man with sundry potations) he shut himself in his garden house to await the expected marauders. Bacchus and Morpheus, however, combined against Pomona and Argus, and the old gentleman fell asleep. Hours lagged slowly on with his spouse at home, until, at a late period of the evening, that good lady proceeded in search of her husband. Not finding him in any other place, she concluded that he must be in the garden, but on seeking an entrance there she found the door securely locked. She then attempted to climb the wall, and had nearly accomplished the feat, when lo! a policeman, who had been, like Mr. —, watching for the thief, fondly thinking that his time had come, eagerly pounced upon the supposed depredator. In vain did Mrs. — remonstrate; it was not until her screams aroused the dormant faculties of her watchful lord that any prospect of release from the fangs of the law appeared. At length, however, the lady was liberated, and Mr. — and the policeman proceeded to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the night.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.—In the Zollverein Department of the International Exhibition has just been placed a wonderful piece of mechanism, only a few days from Hanover. All our readers know the difficulty of awakening early in order to catch a morning train—

Here is a piece of mechanism which will not only ring a gentle alarm to rouse light sleepers, but it will at the same time strike a light for a lamp and another to boil a cup of coffee. If the first alarm be not enough, a louder one will follow sufficiently sonorous to awaken the dead. If even this should prove insufficient, the mechanism will, after a short interval, pull off the night cap, if the sleeper wears one; and in the almost impossible case of a continued slumber after all this, the machine, as if disgusted at such laziness, will tilt the sleeper out on the floor. In fact, the mechanism does every thing almost but shout the hour in the sleeper's ear. An extraordinary amount of ingenuity has been expended upon this combination of clockwork, and springs, and lucifers, and levers.

The following paragraph from the Cincinnati Times, which strongly supported the Republican State Ticket, is in very good place:

THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.—The apologists of the Administration are hard put to it to explain the results of the October election. Their favorite plea is, that the army is principally made up of Republicans, the Democrats refusing to enlist, with the design of carrying the election. This is not only untrue, but a mean, slanderous and very unmanly statement; one which no one but a weak-minded individual or a demagogue of a very low class would use.

HOW TO MAKE SMALL CHANGE.—The people of the city of Hudson, New York, have hit upon a novel expedient to secure small change currency without disobeying the law. The banks of that city permit persons who make deposit with them to draw checks for any sum less than a dollar. These fractional checks are now in universal use, and have driven out postage-stamps.

AT A wedding, recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty and additional grace, replied, "If you please."

A JOLY old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers and the physician could not afford to lose them.

COW HAIR is used as a substitute for wool

in making clothing in the South. We are not told how often the rebels shear their cows.—*Louisville Journal.*

AN Irish auctioneer, puffing up a pair of jet earrings to a very respectable company of ladies, said they were "just the sort of article he himself would purchase for his wife were she a widow."

NATURE is a great believer in compensation. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number one mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

NO man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely reject but he that has the testimony of good conscience.

THERE was paid one day last week, at the New York Custom House, on a single consignment of tea, by one individual, \$109,000 of duty, being the largest amount ever before paid in one day by a single individual. It was paid in Government demand notes, which are at a premium of 27 cents on the dollar, being paramount to gold. The Government is taking up this paper and destroying it.

APPLES are so plenty in Western New York that they can be brought for fifty cents a barrel! Potatoes show no symptoms of disease, and the best ones are sold for a dollar a barrel, including package. One farmer has an orchard of choice grafted fruit, and offered the whole of his crop of apples at twelve and a half cents per bushel, the purchaser to gather the fruit and select only such as he wanted and could sell.

Our Book Table.

VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT NOVEL. Complete in five volumes. Carleton's Edition.

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